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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.









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Washington  
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WASHINGTON;

— OR —

# American Independence,

(FIRST CAMPAIGN.)

A DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS,

— BY —

DAVID SINCLAIR,

AUTHOR OF "SERVIUS TULLIUS," "MAGDALENE," "MOTHER"  
SINCERITY," ETC., ETC.

PERSONS REPRESENTED:

WASHINGTON,	- - - - -	MRS. WASHINGTON.
LORD HOWE,	- - - - -	MRS. RAPELYE.
ADAMS,	} - - - - -	Members of Congress.
RUTLEDGE,		
FRANKLIN,		
STANLEY,		
GREEN, Confidential friend to Washington,	} - - - - -	Leaders under Washington.
GATES,		
REED, Confidential friend to Washington,		
LEE,		
SULLIVAN,		
TRYON, Tory Governor of New York.		
WILLIAM. Washington's man.		
NAZALHEAD, an American.		

BOSTON :

C. W. CALKINS & Co., PRINTERS, 136 WASHINGTON STREET.

1874.

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W. H. Jones Domestic Policy

My dear Mr. Jones  
I have been thinking of you  
and the various things  
you have done. I am  
very glad to hear but need not say  
how glad I am at least a little  
of the influence of the world.

Yours very truly  
Dorothy Jones



# WASHINGTON:

OR,

## AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

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### ACT I.

SCENE.—*Square in Old Broadway, New York, July 1776.*

*Enter Mob, GOVERNOR TRYON disguised as citizen.*

*First Citizen.*—Ruin stares us in the face.

*Second Citizen.* (*To Governor Tryon.*) Come citizen, You're learned; let's hear your thoughts.

*Mob.* We won't hear him!  
A lying Tory; or a knavish Whig;—  
Let some disinterested person speak.

*Second Citizen.* All feel deep interest in the States. He'll speak.

Come, mount this forum. Ho! a speech!

*Governor Tryon.* (*standing on a seat.*) My friends,  
Let me but for a moment win your ears  
By my untutored words. (*solo.*) Foreshadowed here  
I see again pre-eminence. That day,  
Long dreamt of, dawns, when glorious halos round  
My laurelled temples shine! (*to mob.*) For florid words,  
Vague statements, legal quibs, or learned lore,  
Look not to me, for I'm a lowly man,—  
Skilled by experience in common sense,—  
With no designs, but envious fiery zeal  
To light the path of Truth. Truth's advocates,  
Who touch the conscience and disturb the mind,  
Or rouse the sense that lulls to lethargy  
The finer feelings of the soul, are scorned;  
So, when my acid mind, in Truth's defence,  
Soils with its venom, poured resistless forth,  
Yourselves tranquil and blind to danger, I,  
Doubtless, will give offence to all.

*Mob.* No! no!

Say on, you are an honest man.

*Gov. Tryon.* And you,

Most honest citizens. Tear off the masque,—  
The winding sheet in which our country lies—  
Then see the putrid sores that wily men,  
For their ambition's sake, would hide. Think you  
They seek your good more than their fame? Why war?  
Why bleed this fertile country so to death?  
Why dye, with brother's blood, a brother's hand  
In such a useless, civil war: for they,  
Our British foes, are kindred and our friends—  
Far better friends than those these wars will bring?  
'Tis neither wise, nor well, to cope with arms  
That, like death's direful hounds, slay foes  
On every land and sea.

*Nazalhead.* Da' me!

What can he mean! Son of a goose, think you  
There is a power upon this circling globe  
America would fear? Though every king  
The old world has, should raise his strongest force,  
Unite, and all the myriad host,—safely  
Transported in a million ships.—approach  
Like one destructive, inland, human wave  
On our productive, boundless realms, they might  
Disturb us—as the sea the precious stones.  
Only to round into more perfect shape—  
But, conquer the indomitable love  
For liberty Americans all have,  
They never could. Our breath is liberty,  
And while we breathe, we'll live for liberty. [*tumult.*]

*Voice.* Bold patriot!

*Gov. Tryon.* Bold patriot in words!

Beware such patriots. Their slimy words,  
Deceitful, seeming stamped with truth, adorned  
With all the flowery gestures of the frame,  
And cadence of the tongue, are vague and false;  
Or, are the snake-like preparation for  
Your capture and your death: a wordy man  
Is not a man of deeds, or common sense,  
That looks and learns before he speaks.

*Nazalhead.* Da' me!

Was ever ignorance so bold. I guess  
I'd tell a tale, or end a broil, as soon  
As this 'ere fool. Who are you, honest man?

Thou never wast dishonest to thyself.  
So call thyself an honest man. Each knave,  
By such a definition, claims as much!  
And honesty—dishonest with itself—  
Becomes a knave. An honest man! Stranger,  
Your honesty uproots its fair pretence  
In that you thus accuse me. You, tailor,  
Shoemaker, petty merchant, or, I guess,  
Adventurer.—da' me! think you I'll leave  
That tongue to wag that brands me so? *[tumult increases.]*

*Gov. Tryon. (order restored.)* Patience  
Was never needed more than now. That fire,  
Kindling in you, if you hear not my words,  
Will fan such wretched ire within your breasts  
That you'll repent but once—but that for ever.

*Nazalhead. (riotous.)* Da' me! let's, like a vulture,  
pounce but once  
Upon his loathsome carrion. *[Scuffle. Tryon undisguised.]*

*Citizen.* See, man.  
'Tis Gov'nor Tryon.

*Nazalhead.* Da' me! The hypocrite—  
He governs not the State, himself, nor me!  
This day I'll hang him, or his effigy. *[exit followed.]*

*Gov. Tryon.* Now, that I'm known, I'll freely speak.  
You all.

Like sheep have gone astray; rebelled each one  
Against the king, who, gallows and the cord,  
Might doom for all, yet graciously extends  
Even mercy to the merciless. You've seen  
The proclamation I have made? Think well,  
Observe these mandates and requests. Return  
And all shall be forgiven, and forgot.  
Be loyal as your fathers were. To serve  
Their country and their king was their hearts' wish,  
And bravest boast. Let me entreat. Cease war.  
Negotiate, and let these ploughmen—raw,  
Uncouth, uncultured soldiers—turn with joy  
Their swords to ploughshares, so that songs of peace,  
Plenty, and happiness may cheer the land.  
Beware your foes, if you accept not these,  
For, for the fool, they have a rod, and woe  
To him on whom it falls. Accept not peace,  
And all your lovely highlands of the north,—  
Those shores disturbed but by the ocean's wave:  
The sunny, fertile south, and western plains,—

Your fathers', husbands', brothers' blood shall dye,  
 While airy birds of prey bear up their shrieks,  
 Thrill them against heaven's closed gates of peace,  
 And ware wolves howl their dying moans at night  
 Till all the forest preying brutes reply,  
 And Hudson hills and Alleghany rocks  
 Echo, with direful mockeries, their howls,  
 While all the rivers hasten to the sea  
 And dye it with their blood.—Oh! wretched thought!  
 You all have friends who've taken arms. Perhaps  
 You love them not,—they're not your fathers, sons,  
 Or loved companions. Nay. They're those who stand  
 Between you and your own prosperity—  
 You wish them dead. You'd see your butchered friends  
 Lying in agony on gory plains,  
 With tongueless wounds that gape and cry in vain  
 For pity, while you dance for joy.

*Mob. (divided.)* Never!  
 Most monstrous thought.

*Gov. Tryon.* Why countenance this war,  
 And urge it on, if not? Where lies the good?  
 Your generals clamor loud of patriotism—  
 But where's their own? 'Tis love of selfish fame  
 That goads their bold ambition on. They're trained  
 For no profession, trade, or honest calling,  
 And having brawled away their restless youth  
 With wild adventures 'mong the Indians,  
 Feed with your lives, their reckless appetites,—  
 Making you toys, in this, their play.

*Voices.* We're men,  
 With sense and motives quite as good as yours,  
 And would not thus be blindly led.

*Gov. Tryon.* And yet,  
 Thus are you led. Where are your victories?  
 Numbers can scarcely calculate your woes,—  
 Yet, name one profit. Wisdom costs too much.  
 Better live fools, than wise so dear. Tell me  
 What ground you gain? What battle have you won?  
 Does Bunker's Hill disgrace you not enough?

*Citizens.* Our victors there were vanquished and disgraced.

*Voices.* Let's hear no more. You're not a patriot;  
 The fate of great men falls on you: you fail,—  
 Your star has set. Your greatness sets. [*tumult, riot.*]

*Nasalhead. (entering with Gov. Tryon's effigy.)* Da' me,  
 What means this noise? Ho! all against the Gov'nor?



Here we've his effigy: let's hang it here;  
Bring him and hang him by its side that he  
May by his ghost abide.

[*Exit Tryon carried by friends. Riotous.*

*Citizens opposing Nazalhead.* Have done!

We won't submit to see him so abused.

Take down the effigy. Down! down with it.

Down with the effigy, or down with them. [*enter William.*

*William. (solo.)* Now here's a chance of distinguishing oneself for massa's sake. 'Tis like the snow-ball Boston fight, when he, with awful force, grasped in each hand, each leader of the band, and made them grin, each in the others face, like two chained dogs, willing to fight, but can't; I'll tuck my sleeves and try. Now then, white livered cats and dogs, give way. You're void of honor as my head of hair. As I'm a slave and no freeborn man, I'll kill you if you fight. Avaunt, you hungry, weather-beaten hounds. Gramercy! Hands off! I'm William! The General's William! General Washington's William—

*Voices.* The General? The General! [*exeunt.*

*Enter WASHINGTON.*)

*Washington. (to William bleeding.)* Why William, you blush like a red rose.

*William.* No, Massa, I'm too black for that. They were too much for me.

*Washington.* All have strange ventures in their time,  
Through boldness, accident, or foolishness,  
Staining their memories.

*William.* They've stained my face.

*Washington.* Attend my horse beyond. Here I've friends  
[*exit William.*

Appointed. I am like an outcast wretch,  
Seeming to have control over a world,  
And yet misfortune's slave.—Yet do I hope,  
And, if in others breasts I could instil,  
By stealthy arts, such hopes, black discontent,  
That reigns in towns and hosts, would change to joy.—  
Oh! how our acts beguile our thoughts. The face  
Too seldom tells the mind. A thousand cares,  
Like caterpillars gnawing at a rose,  
Invade my mind and whisper vanity:  
Winds in my ears howl vanity; my friends,  
By word and look, prescribe me fool, crying  
'Tis vanity: my discontented troops,

Untrained, ill fed, worse quartered, never paid,  
 Unto the foe display, written on their backs,  
 "'Tis vanity;" the citizens the same.  
 The very land that I would die to make  
 The nursery of liberty,—although  
 Bought by a hundred thousand lives with mine—  
 Scorns my attempt, and echoes "vanity;"  
 Would fate had never bid me trust the cause  
 Of liberty could never fail.—America,  
 My native land, is there no hope for thee?  
 Must thou succumb without a stroke for life?  
 Shall I, whom thou hast bounteously fed,  
 Stand coldly by and see thee chained? Shall all  
 Reproach thy patriots? disdain thy power,  
 And, rather than defend themselves, be slaves?  
 Unhappy land, like an indulgent mother,  
 Thou hast children upreared, enriched and blest,  
 And yet, in this thy last extremity,  
 When thou art racked, tormented, ravished, slain,  
 They have no heart to feel thy woes, defend—  
 Like sons,—thy cause, but idly stand, or flee.  
 Oh! God, 'tis much too much. Patience bursts my breast;  
 My soul seems thrown into my arm, and I  
 Feel more enraged with countrymen than foes—  
 Oh! Liberty, inspire me with thy zeal  
 To breathe in every soldier's lungs.—Spare us,  
 Oh! God of peace: spare our unhappy land.  
 Strengthen our cause, and make this, as it ought to be,  
 The land of liberty.—Oh! my good wife,

*Enter MRS. WASHINGTON and her two Children.*

Let me kiss my adopted ones.

*Mrs. Washington.* Troubled again?

*Washington.* A wife best knows her husband's heart. 'Tis  
 vain

To hide from you. Hiding from her who loves  
 Makes more appear. You have a keen eye  
 That, through the brightest face, beholds the heart  
 And all its sad soliloquies. I am,  
 As you surmise, troubled—troubled to despair.

*Mrs. Washington.* The meanest word from the noblest  
 heart. For shame!

What means despair in you? Despair to one?  
 Despair to me? to these? to friends? Ay! Think,  
 If thy sword's sheathed before it wins, the groan  
 Its scabbard makes in being filled, will fill

Each heart, each home and town in all the land  
With the death warrant of liberty. The hills  
Shall shake their hoary locks, the winds  
Shall fill deserted villages with moans,  
And dying lamentations all the plains,  
Crying, this was the destined home of liberty;  
But, we are ruined, for Washington despaired.

*Washington.* Never! So help me heaven; America  
Claims me her son, and for her I shall die.  
I vow, that while a breath is in me left,  
While I can lift a sword and give command,  
I'll be America's. Though all the air,  
With frowning clouds, be overcast, I know  
The happy firmament of freedom's there,  
And yet shall shine. I look some distance forth,  
And, through the cloudy present, I perceive  
Sweet Liberty enshrined in every heart  
In free America whose commerce grows  
Unto such giant strength that every land  
Owns it the greatest nation of the earth.—

*Mrs. Washington.* Manly and well. Let not despair again  
Besiege your heart. Work hard, and watch your chance.  
Neglect no duty.

*Washington.* Never have I so.

*Mrs. Washington.* Yes,—once you did.

*Washington.* Once?—Ay—in courting you.  
Come children, tell me each your history,  
While I wait for my generals. [*Frolics with children.*]

*Mrs. Washington. (solo.)* A warrior,  
Yet father to the fatherless. Beloved  
As loving, gentle, great and good, and kind:  
Such qualities in prodigality—  
Against her rule—has heaven bestowed. Not less  
Than highest glory could befit his soul  
And yet, when that is won, as it shall be,  
His envious friends—hearing the price he paid—  
Will shudder and decline his goal. Greatness  
Of lasting worth, whose mem'ry dwells in hearts,  
Was never reared in marble palaces  
'Mid ease and luxury, but all the great  
Have greatly suffered, toiled and won.

*Enter Generals with Ladies. Mutual greetings.*

*Washington, (to Generals.)* Let us commune apart.

*Ladies.* Nay, stop with us,  
We've been too long alone. Let's know your plots,  
Designs and secret thoughts.

*Green.* Secrets, in women's minds,  
Are seeds in fertile soil.

*Putnam, (to Ladies.)* Review your minds—  
Think of the women you have known, or read of,  
And tell me one who kept a secret,  
And I shall name a thousand who could not.

[*Gentlemen apart.*]

*Lady. (solo.)* Oh, selfish man, woman would adore you  
more,  
If you'd but pay her back with trust.

*Arnold. (lingering, solo.)* Mong these  
I wonder who's the wealthiest. Wisdom—  
Of which I have enough—long life, nor war,  
But wealth I seek,—and I shall have it, too.  
What are the States to me? Why fight for them?  
Why risk my life for foreigners? Doubtless  
I seem a fool—yet less a fool than seem.  
I have my game and goal, and, should this war  
By any chance, bring wealth to me, I'm here  
To take my prize. Dangers I do defy.—  
Indeed, I'd rather have some slight romance—  
In cutting throats or captivating maids,—  
By way of cheerful change to win my way.  
But live, die, war, or peace, it matters not,  
I must be rich. If on the land I fail,  
I'll be a king upon the trackless sea  
Where lucky stars shall guide, and clouds defend  
My roving barque, till chance or fortitude  
Steer me to treasure troves. What is a war?  
Why, everyone's at war; or with himself  
Or with another. Natural. Unless  
Men had their petty quarrels; nations, wars;  
They'd be without a history. Old men  
Review their battles with delight; young ones  
Boast of their loving brawls. All nations famed  
For arms are themes for everlasting song.—  
And are their motives one?—I'm no exception.  
If Fortune's here why need I further go?—  
I'll scan their fortunes in their faces writ—  
And wound my golden calf with my first hit.

[*Observing young ladies.*]

*1st Lady, (to other ladies.)* Oh, what a wretched world  
for women, when  
All men are gone. Even when in sight, if not  
Within our grasp, we're never sure, and, if



We think we have them safe, chance favors them  
With good excuse to go. Here have we lived  
Like nuns shut in a monastery. Woe me!  
How sad wars are.

*Mrs. Washington.* We must endure, for men  
Are not mere household toys, to live like cats  
Upon our hearths, or strut like peacocks proud  
Around our walls.—I'd hate the man whose love  
Would have me locked all day in his embrace.  
I'd have him bear away his leaden head  
From my tired heaving breast.

*Arnold.* (*eyeing one young lady.*) The generals  
Are deep in their manœuvres—I'll be absent.  
Yet present here where this rich, flirting, maid  
Exposes all her fortress to the foe. (*approaches lady.*)

*Washington.* (*examining map.*) 'Twill do. While Schuy-  
ler leads the Northern troops,  
Brave Clinton will protect the Highlands with  
His Ulster yeomanry. General Mercer will,  
With Livingston, defend the Jersey shores,  
While Lee shall give his special care to Rhode;  
And Greene with his tried skill protect Brooklyn,  
While this most turbulent town you watch, and know  
That stretched from here to Hellgate lies the foe.

*Gates.* (*solo.*) I like not these appointments. Favour is  
shown.

An inexperienced man has greater trust  
Than I, a veteran of the sword.—'Tis wrong,  
Unfair, unthoughtful and unwise. Anon,  
I'll find myself the last upon the roll.—  
But no: I'll take my place, and curst be he  
Who seeks to mar my destiny.

*Lee.* I'm third—  
Yet should be second in command. Indeed,  
I think myself before the first, only  
I've no estates nor int'rest in the land.  
Yet I'm content; my wandering star is bright  
Against my native foes. Oh! England, thou,  
In thy proud day with laurels decked, cast me,  
Like a diseased cur, out from thy presence,  
Less for the work my sword than pen had done;  
But I shall be revenged. Free England! free!  
In it, for prosperous men, there's liberty,  
But he who breathes against a flatterer,  
An unjust judge, a slandering lord, a prince,

Whose vice brings England's curse, a king who fears  
Nor God nor man, let such an one, whose wealth  
Is only virtue, mark the nearest road  
That farthest leads from thence.

*Washington.* (*hearing news from generals.*) You tell me so?

What patriotism! Poor homesick things. Heigho!  
But for my vow I would despair. Vice grows,  
Not like a stunted shrub, but giant weed,  
And what vice in a soldier's breast is worse  
Than cowardice? Cowards seek, but ill deserve,  
Fortune or fame. Oh! despicable wretch,  
Who, wordy in peace, avoids the sword in war.  
Our just and righteous cause demands its use.  
Oh, cowardice! If Hell e'er means to plant a curse  
By which it seeks to ruin our noble race,  
Let it plant cowards' souls in soldiers' breasts,  
And they will flee their shadows even. May cowards,  
At this sad juncture skulking on the hills,  
Save their poor lives to be a pest, disgrace,  
And shame, until a vile ignoble death  
Fells them in their remorse, and may their friends  
Reville their mean unhallowed graves. They cry,  
For an excuse, they're loyal, and we rebel,  
When Nature, sense, our foes and Heaven itself,  
Declare our cause a glorious one. When Heaven  
Defeats, the victory's no disgrace, but now.  
Heaven fights, and righteous Heaven ever wins.—  
In God's name and America's cut down  
All those who flee their foes. Such cowardly men  
America disowns, and never did nor will  
Give them a place. She welcomes honest men,  
Who braving ill, love truth and liberty,  
But will not give a burial place to knaves.  
Leave selfish men unto themselves, and time  
Will sour the grapes they love.

*Arnold.* (*to young lady.*) Most patriotic volley!  
(*solo.*) Methinks, now that I've made rich conquest here,  
I'd better join these rebels in their rage.—  
Sweetheart, for a little, fare thee well. (*joins generals.*)

*Young Lady.* (*solo.*) Most charming man!  
Often have I loved, yet never loved like this.  
Pray Heaven he be not killed. (*ladies promenade*)

*Madison.* (*to Washington.*) If I could clothe,  
Or pay our men—

*Washington.* Is love of country not enough  
To stir the coldest blood with fiery flames,  
Urge on the weakest wretch, give birth to zeal,  
Put strength in arms, revenge in every thought,  
Breathe curses on the foe, and harrow up  
The image of every cruel device,  
And make men count their prosp'rous lives not dear,  
Wherewith to win them liberty?—Oh, God!  
Where are the spirits of the olden times,  
That lived in men, urging them on 'gainst foes,  
Whose strength or numbers barred them not, but breathed  
New courage as their struggling hosts were felled  
Beneath the trampling steeds of haughty foes,  
Admiring as they conquered!—Yet, 'tis pay.  
What is there these would not exchange for gold,—  
The golden enemy of cowards? Money!  
Let them but see the money from afar,  
And they will grapple, in imagination,  
A world of enemies,—then each should be  
A prince of patriotism. If there were mines  
In Hell, Satan could buy nine-tenths of men,  
And heap their horrors for as much again.

*Green.* I' faith 'tis true—so we must pardon too.  
Fools know some secrets of the human heart,  
But wisdom uses them.

*Washington.* If timid Congress  
Would but declare our independence, then  
We'd have such capital to daze men's eyes,  
That all would flock with blankets, guns, and tents,  
Who mark us nothing now.

*Lee. (bouncingly.)* War's glory is,  
Methinks, to start with naked arms and sword,  
Bold hearts and devil daring wills that fear  
Neither the weather nor the foe, but march,—  
With poverty of body, wealth of mind,—  
Against advancing odds, with such a mien  
That drives the foemen's virtue to their heels,  
So take the field, the victory and the spoil  
As trophies of the day.

*Washington.* A patriot's friend!  
Would all but shared your spirit.

*Putman.* Honor he seeks.  
Honor has no equivalent in gold.  
Who seeks it, seeks not gold, yet it brings wealth,  
And happiness that wealthy men would buy,

No ordinary power will bring it forth,  
Yet, when 'tis born 'twill bear its rich reward,  
And lie like glory round the head in life.  
In death make great amid illustrious ones  
Whose names are treasured in men's minds.  
It is the goal of greatness great men seek  
And barter for their wealth, their friends and peace  
That bear them back. For honor soldiers fight.  
Ambitious youths for honor strive; and fools  
May scorn, yet wise men worship it.  
To it the rich and poor look wistfully up—  
To have it is a rich man's boasted pride;  
To see it makes a good man hope and praise.—  
The stronghold of an honest man.

*Lee.* And now,  
Sir, is the time to do, or die—to win,  
For, from my breast discard I meaner thoughts.  
To be determined—certain of success—  
Is more than half our battles fought. Who fights and fears,  
Soon flies.

*Washington.* 'Tis true in everything. Be bold.  
When you're convinced you're right, then push ahead  
Though boundless seems the sea of woes before,—  
For bravery was never beat.

*Green.* Your excellency  
May be assured that with such generals  
Our cause shall never wane. Desires may differ,  
Yet, be assured, there is a soldier's heart  
In every breast. If love, or fame, or wealth,  
Perchance, share any mind, yet liberty  
Is the prime motive of them all.

*Washington.* Then win we must,—  
Although I fear those friendly foes who smile,  
Whine, flatter, praise while in our presence, but  
In absence, speak us wrong, so that at last,  
Where fortune smiles they have their nest prepared.  
They're neither cold nor hot when fortune wavers.  
But, with deceitful, equal, love to all,  
Are careful for themselves.

*Arnold.* There's no such fawn  
I trust 'mong us—such women livered men,  
Prosperity be ever in their sight  
But never in their grasp, so, mock their lives  
With tantalizing cares, bring forth despair,  
The child of blackest hell, to goad them on



To seek the fellowship of fancied friends,  
And feel the bitterness of that deceit  
They bore to others.

*All.* Bravo! Amen, we say.

*Voices.* May green grass never mark their graves.

*Washington. (solo.)* Methinks,  
They're all trustworthy, yet 'tis wise and well  
To seem fully to trust, yet really not,—  
For trust, like love, may trust too much.—Maidens,  
Trusting they should be wives, have trusted men,  
Yet found themselves too seldom wives. Let me,  
A general, beware my trusty virtue, be  
Vested aright. (*spreading map.*) Let us again each fortress,  
The enemy, and all our posts review  
That no mistakes arise, for, when the wolves  
Are at the door there should be certainty  
Before we sleep, that all's secure. [*intent on map.*]

*Enter ladies.*

*1st Lady.* See how intent they are. Let's play some trick.  
What shall it be? Mischief it must.—Devise,  
Reason with your wits.—

*2d Lady.* I know.—Let's be an army,  
Surround their forts, attack their rear,  
And carry all into captivity.—(*dissent.*)  
Let us with stratagem surround the band,  
Blindfold them with our handkerchiefs, and swear  
They are our prisoners.—

*Young Lady.* Nay—rather let's arouse the foe,  
And, in one mutual attack, lift arms,  
Receive the charge, and in close quarters hot,  
Volley our kisses in their very mouths,  
Roll in their ears our love till they confess  
Who loves—a captive never failed to take.  
By stratagem we women win men's hearts,  
Then, proud of our trophies, with affection march,  
Arm in arm, and never out of step, or time,  
And so give joy that cannot come too soon.

*Ladies surround, blindfold and captivate Generals. Mob in distance. Enter WILLIAM.*

*William.* Massa, massa, here's the riotous mob.

*Enter NAZALHEAD and mob.*

*Nazalhead. (seeing capture.)* Go'da' me!  
Here captive leads captivity.

*Mob.* Hang up the effigy!  
Up with the effigy! (*seeing Washington.*) The General! The General!

*Washington.* What means this most unseemly gathering?

*Nazalhead.* So please you, sir, this is a traitor. [*effigy.*  
The enemy of our America,  
And, da' me, this is every traitor's fate. [*hangs effigy.*

*Washington.* If you're a true American,  
Ne'er let me hear you swear again.

*Nazalhead.* Da' me!  
How can I help, when Governors are false  
Unto their sacred trusts.

*Washington.* How, do you think,  
Will Heaven reward those who profane His name?

*Nazalhead.* Da' me, it is my habit—yet I'll forbear  
The hellish habit.

*Green.* (*to Washington.*) Though a bad thing,  
'Twill have a good effect. Leave them,  
Or indirectly cherish them.

*Washington.* (*to mob.*) Good people,  
Carry not too far your sports. Mercy you seek,  
To others mercy show. You fight for peace,  
Show how you value it by giving peace,  
Even to your foes. Our cause is just and good,  
And, though our hosts be few, they're brave and true,  
Seeking no coward's help. You all love life?  
Who'll give his neck unto the enemy's yoke?—  
I will not call him knave and take his life.—  
No, no—go. Be a British slave who will.  
We want you not. Go,—join the imperialists.  
Do what you will. We, friends of liberty,  
Leave each one to his will, and can afford  
To win our battles for ourselves.—We are  
In spirit what we'd be in deed, free, free.  
And if you, too, would be, why,—stand with us.—

*Mob.* We shall! we shall! for Washington hurrah!  
For Liberty, hurrah!

*Enter aid de camp.*

*Aid de camp.* (*to Washington.*) Your excellency.  
Here's an ambassador seeking your head-quarters.

*Washington.* Usher him here. (*to ambassador.*) Well, sir,  
whom would you see?

*Ambassador.* Mr. Washington.

*Washington.* Mr. Washington?—  
I know him not;—know you Mr. Washington? [*to Green.*  
Do you? Nor you?

*Ambassador.* Why, you are he.

*Washington.* Nay, sir,  
I'm General Washington. In private I  
Am Mr. Washington, in public, General.  
Nor will I, under any other name,  
Regard a message from our foe. Captain,  
Escort him to our quarters, give him food,  
Or what refreshment he may choose, then see  
Him safe returned.—I'll not accept his letter.

*Ambassador.* As you refuse my letter, I, your food,  
Yet thank you for all courtesies.

*Washington.* True men  
Are always courteous.

*Ambassador.* (*aside.*) Confound their pride.  
Was pride and poverty e'er so allied?  
An army made of ragged, raw, recruits,  
Who fly the sight of red-coats.—Generals  
Who've only fought with Indians in the bush,  
And yet so dare the British fleet and arms!  
'Tis ignorance!—God bless their ignorance.  
Oh, sorry sight, when blinded people thus  
Through ignorance trample their thorny paths,  
Bleeding the while to the accursed end,  
When peace and plenty's offered them. (*to General.*) Farewell!  
I fear the roar of cannon must deliver  
What my still voice could not.

*Lee.* We'll meet it sir,  
As last we did at Bunker's Hill. Farewell.

[*Exit Ambassador.*

*Officer.* (*pointing along Broadway.*) See, gentlemen,  
A rider spurring all along Broadway,  
Lashing his foaming steed:—he waves his hand.

*Arnold.* 'Tis news, good news.—A messenger from  
Congress.

*Washington.* Pray Heaven it be that news I've wished so  
long—  
America an independent land.

*Officer* He sees you, hurries on—dismounts, and runs.

*Enter messenger.*

*Messenger.* (*giving letter.*) News for your excellency.

*Arnold.* No ignorance is blest  
But children's, when no sad experience  
Teaches true life—(*aside.*) My first moral lesson.

*Washington.* (*having read.*) Go, ring the bells.—  
Proclaim to captives liberty.—Congress,  
At last, declares America shall free  
Herself from England's yoke.

*All.* Hurrah! Hurrah!

*Washington reads aloud Declaration of Independence.*

*Nazalhead.* Da' me, hip, hip, hurrah!

*Washington.* (*to Generals*) To all the troops  
Go, tell, America can now reward  
Those who defend her shores—Their trust will grow,  
For this is digging and manuring earth  
Where freedom's seeds are sown. Promise of wealth  
Turns misers into patriots. (*to people.*) This news  
To latest generations shall go down,  
And free America shall celebrate  
This birthday of our country's history  
With banners flying, music, dance and song,  
And gay processions. Men and women, youth,  
Rich and poor, shall all make holiday. [*Bells without.*  
There go the bells, and lusty cheers. The air  
Rejoices with the sound. Here come the crowds,  
Each happier than another:—ho! what's this?  
Another effigy?

*Nazalhead.* (*dragging statue of King George.*) The statue  
of the king.

We'll have no king, nor statue of a king.  
But coin the metal into bullets and  
Shoot down the English with their king.

*All.* Ha! ha! ha!

Hurrah for free America.

(*Sing.* Wave the star-bespangled flag of liberty;  
America no other banner owns.—

Let music, dance and mirth proclaim the news,  
For 'neath oppressors feet no more she groans,  
Then, hip, hip, hurrah for America,  
For the land of the free, hurrah! hurrah!

*Bells. Music. Processions.*

END OF ACT I.



## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Long Island.*

*Putnam. (solo.)* 'Tis a strange shot that kills all. General Green

Is fevered, and his looked-for death, to me,  
Brings life. While in New York, although the river  
Suffered by me, I had so little hopes  
Of active life, that, like a fish on land,  
I thought I could not live. Now, thanks to heaven  
That gives this happy chance—tho' heaven knows no  
chance,

For it has all things ordered. Idle soldiers  
Are like leashed hounds in sight of hares. The will,  
However strong, is vain. I seemed besieged  
From hope of glory, and the dearest hope  
Of this old hoary head is to defend  
My native land, or die in its defence,  
And, ere I yield, this sword will cleave the gate  
Of death, with bloody gash to many men.  
Old Putnam's but a boy in spirits;— [dances.  
Egad as supple too. Old age like this,  
Boyhood like mine, is paradise. The thoughts  
Of early days, of playground Indian quarrels,  
Boyish fights and bare escapes from scalping,  
Battles with the French, and even galivanting,  
Hurry on my memory in grand review,  
And, I feel eager for the fight,—spurring  
In my imagination my good old steed  
As fiery as myself. Oh, for that day—  
That draws so near—when I, to lively airs,  
Shall beat this sword upon my foe. Even now  
I feel inclined to dance, but must away  
Like schoolboy to my geography. [exit.

*Enter skirmishing fugitives on one side. Washington opposite.*

*Fugitives.* Quarter! Quarter! Mercy!

*Washington.* What mean you braying asses?  
What noise is this? Whence? Where fly you? From what?  
Are these your friends? They are your enemies.  
Why show your backs?—Oh, Heavens! are you the men

By whom I must defend America!  
 Call you yourselves soldiers, or patriots?  
 Or even men? Fools are only fleet on fields  
 Where all's to lose or win. Have you got hearts?  
 Are you Americans? No! no! never!  
 You would not so disgrace America.  
 Americans have brave, bold spirits  
 That know no fear, and fear no foe. Avaunt,  
 You timid things. Yet stay. Prove you love life;  
 If so, buy it. There comes your daring foe.  
 Advance, and, face to face, do valiantly.—  
 Why do you falter, stare, or not obey;  
 There is your foe, advance. I'll shoot the first  
 That dares retreat, or turns away his face. [*presents.*]  
 I'll once again command and down comes he  
 Who'll not obey—Advance. That's it. Brave boys,  
 Steady and bold, go in to them. Well done. [*exeunt soldiers.*]  
 (*Solo.*) They're gallant fellows after all. Poor men,  
 They never saw a battle-field before.  
 And, from my heart, I pity them.—'Tis strange  
 These bands go skirmishing like hunting men  
 In search of game.—There seems no discipline,  
 And soldiers, wanting strictest discipline,  
 Form but a rabble.—Oh, would Green were well!  
 Surely Heaven has not struck him down in wrath;  
 For if I thought our cause unjust, unrighteous,  
 I'd stop lest I should fight against the Lord.—  
 The great excitement must have fevered him,  
 And I must bear his loss. His absence is,  
 No doubt, the cause of all disorder, which  
 Now must be stayed. Ho, bugler! call the captains:  
 Let your shrill horn be heard on Brooklyn heights  
 And Bedford hills. (*exit bugler.*) Were all my fighting men  
 As dubious as myself, Heaven help our land.—  
 Yet, I must counterfeit, and play me bold,  
 Although the awful thought of my great trust—  
 The leading of this land for weal or woe,—  
 Weighs heavily:—to bear a nation's woes,  
 To be responsible in history  
 For all a nation's acts,—bring it success,  
 Or lose the day and seal its doom,—great God,  
 What man could calmly bear such thoughts?

*William. (entering with widow and her children.)* Massa,

This 'ere woman swears she'll see you, though it may cost her life.

*Washington.* Let the afflicted woman speak.

*Widow.* Oh, sir,  
Have mercy on a widow with her babes.  
My husband and my son have for their country died,  
And I, poor and friendless, seek safety for these.  
Where, tell me where, must I go? Homeless,  
And hungry, grant us help.

*Washington. (solo.)* Oh, greedy war,  
Thou, like a vulture on the human race,  
Dost swoop with mad impetuosity,  
Thoughtless of ruin. The gory carnage left  
Upon the field should surely be enough—  
But no—orphans and widows, innocent  
As heaven itself must come within thy clutch,  
And suffer, with their lacerated hearts,  
Afresh from poverty. *(to woman.)* Woman, for you,  
And such as you I've made provision:—go.  
My man will tell you what to do.—William  
Provide for her immediate wants, and give  
Instructions for her future. [*exeunt woman and WILLIAM.*]  
'Tween Hope and Fear

As 'tween two giant foes, my soul is tossed.—  
Yet, what we wish cannot be got without  
Widows, orphans numberless, and,—though  
Ten thousand mourn, we may not win, for men  
Without experience, like ours, we fear.—  
The foe the sword can slay is but a myth,  
And conscience, cares, and troubles of the mind,  
What man can kill? They ever wrestle, toss,  
Pursue, torment, and, though they seem to fall,  
They rise and conquer us in unawares.—  
No matter. A trial must prove our strength.—Yes.—

*Enter Captains.—Mutual greeting.*

Good evening, gentlemen; your martial haste  
Becomes you well.  
I have appointed General Putnam here  
For General Green—skilful in arms, expert  
And active on the field, seizes his chance  
When it is seen. I trust he'll have success,  
As he with your co-operation shall,  
Though wanting it, he'll fight in vain. I'm grieved,  
Most deeply grieved to have to order him

To lecture you.—The discipline is loose,  
 And must not be. Soldiers must have one will,  
 And that one will their General's; and that,  
 Without the strictest martial laws can't be.  
 If jealousy exists 'mong officers,  
 'Twill, like an epidemic, pass from rank  
 To rank, and man to man, and thus I find  
 A different will in every company,  
 Factions in every class, and regiments  
 Displeased when led by stranger officers,  
 Or other countrymen.—It must not be;  
 It shall not be. Let's melt the ores in one,  
 And let each regiment rejoice it forms  
 The army of America.

*Lord Stirling.* Sir,  
 These men will never leave the field they lose.  
 They're not that soft and malleable stuff  
 They seem to strangers' eyes. A child might lead them  
 If they wish, but, 'gainst their will, legions  
 Of devils would not make them stir.

*Captain.* Factions  
 Are rife and rifer grow, but discipline  
 Will cut them down as scythes cut golden corn.  
 Then, with one will, shoulder to shoulder, on  
 Through fire and sword they'll press.

*Washington.* Heaven grant they may.  
 Remind them of the battle of Sullivan;  
 Of Bunker's Hill where they were not disdained,  
 Nor yet disgraced, although defeated.—  
 Here Putnam comes: go to your posts while I  
 With him the strongholds and redoubts review.

*Yankee Doodle played in enemy's camp in distance.*

Hear this! Revenge that insult.

*Stirling.* By heavens we shall,  
 And free us from the insulters haughty hold,  
 And have our deeds in history told.

[*exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Another part of Long Island. Enter two deserters.*  
*Guns, trumpets, etc.*

*1st Deserter. (sings.)* Oh, mother dear, my love's so true,  
 That I'm skedaddling home to you.

*2d Deserter. (sings.)* No, first be rich then home again,



So come with me and rob the slain.

*1st Deserter.* I will—But for this war I had been rich  
And settled quietly in my home.

*2d Deserter.* (*showing his thefts.*) See man,  
Look! look! From officers I took these spoils.  
They're small, but precious. Thieves must consider bulk.

*1st Deserter.* Suppose we're found robbing the dead:—we  
may—  
Then be shot!

*2d Deserter.* When any one comes near, lie down,  
And cry for help, but e'er the doctor comes,  
We'll bear away.

*1st Deserter.* 'Tis good. Let's gather here.  
He's an officer. (*robbing.*) There's a step—

*2d Deserter.* Lie down.  
Help! water! brandy! help. [*enter soldier.*

*Soldier.* Here's brandy, drink.—  
Where are your wounds?

*2d Deserter.* Internal. Bring the doctor.

*Soldier.* (*going.*) I will. 'Twill be all right. Keep up  
your spirits.

*2d Deserter.* Get up. Let's off. This way—no, this.

*Exeunt and re-enter.*

Oh, God, here come the bloody Hessians. [*exeunt.*

*Enter SULLIVAN pursued by Hessians.*

*Hessian.* Yield you  
My prisoner.

*Sullivan.* (*fighting.*) Ne'er while I have a sword.  
Come on, and give my thirsty sword thy blood.  
I, unpaid, fight for liberty, but you  
Are paid with British gold, and patriots  
Will ne'er to hirelings yield. Americans  
Have yet to learn to yield—Heaven grant  
They never may. (*disarmed.*) 'Tis through necessity.  
I've fought and failed, and, with unsullied fame  
I loose my sword. The greatest, too, must fail  
At Fate's command.—Lead me to butchery,  
For, doubtless, with your will that is my fate,  
Only your master's British flag forbids—  
So lead me as a captured General. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter STIRLING, surrounded.*

*L. Stirling.* Is there no help? No reinforcement comes.  
Good God, what brave men I have lost this day.

The fiend of battle seems in every heart.  
 The sword of hell in every hand, but death,  
 So near, is far from every thought, except  
 The greedy wish for foes'. And yet, they fall,  
 The brave men fall 'gainst dreadful odds.  
 These bloody overwhelming Hessians.  
 Like human butchers, ply their bayonets,  
 Yield no mercy to the wounded even.  
 But cut as ploughmen with their scythes mow weeds,  
 With countless odds. Boldly we stand, and fall,  
 And, had I equal numbers I should win;  
 But all around there is the fiery foe.—  
 My men will leave their bodies where they stand  
 Rather than yield. Such blood must not be lost.—  
 There is no help. To save my stalwart men  
 I'll yield my sword.—Here is their leader. Ho!  
 Ho! there stop all this carnage. Take my sword  
 And spare my men. For them I yield. [*gives sword.*  
*Bugle.*

*Hessian.* Thank you,  
 'Tis well. (*to bugler*) Stop. *exeunt.*

*Bugle sounds. Battle ceases. Enter thieves.*

SCENE III.—*Same. Next morning. Foggy.*

*Washington. (solo.)* The sky is misty, like my mind.  
 Black clouds,  
 With their ill-omened scowls, envelope hope,  
 The dearest partner of my breast. Nearer,  
 And nearer they approach, and in their arms,  
 They hide my soul as in despair. Defeated!  
 Lord Stirling, Sullivan, are prisoners,  
 And, unprotected from the angry heavens  
 In her inclement mood, nine thousand men,  
 Wounded, and weary, left with me.—Defeated!  
 Means that that I, the General of the forces,  
 Must answer for the souls of those who fell;  
 That I must seek the safety of the saved,  
 And answer for the follies of the day,—  
 For there are fools who'll call it butch'ring sport?  
 Will Congress rage and cry against me. "why?"  
 Will men and women meet me in the streets,  
 And cry, "hail, loser, murderer," perhaps.

“Where is my father, husband, friend?” While they  
Lie sleeping in their gory graves, shall I  
With stinging conscience, friends upbraiding, walk,  
With broken heart, slowly to death? Oh, God!  
Thou knowest the heart of man. Give guidance, God,  
For well I know our cause is good. Lost! lost!  
An army and a country—lost! Oh, no!  
Great Heavens, I have not lost so much. No, no,  
America must not be lost. Thou wilt,  
Oh, God, thou wilt not leave us in distress.  
Thou hast but tried us on this field. Thy ways  
Are not like ours. Disclose thy power. Withdraw,  
From thy designs, these clouds, and let sweet hope,  
Bursting from out the gloom, fill all our hearts,  
Banish our fears, and feed our souls with trust.—  
Hope beams again. Yes, I shall hope, and win. [*exit.*]

(*Enter REID and officer.*)

*Officer.* (*solo.*) The enemy is preparing for the tides,  
Purposing to sail in silence round Red Hook,  
Then anchor in East River, thus surround us.  
I think 'twere well to leave Long Island now.  
Would you advise the General?

*Reid.* I see their scheme. 'Tis deep.

I'll tell the General. He's here about. [*Exit Officer.*]

(*solo.*) Deep scheme, like that that foiled us yesterday.  
Yet how nine thousand men can hence retreat,  
From off an island, while their victors lie  
Ensconced within the hearing of their voice,  
And safely cross a mile of water; God—  
It is impossible.—No matter.—He comes.

(*Enter WASHINGTON. MRS. RAPELYE eavesdropping.*)

I'll tell him all.

*Mrs. Rapelye.* (*solo.*) Tell Washington all?  
For weeks my woman's heart has boiled revenge,  
And, like a burning mountain, I could spit  
Enough of fiery hate to swamp the host,  
Would chance but favor me. Could I but grasp  
That villian, Washington, I'd make him dance  
A jig he never danced before. Man-thief,  
Villian, adventurer and knave, devil,—  
May Heaven forgive me for that wicked word.  
He, Washington, my husband banished. Why?  
What did he do? Nothing. Banished for nothing—  
I'll be revenged.

*Washington.* (to *Reid*.) Good God! summon a council.  
Call all the officers. [*exit Reid*.]

*Mrs. Rapelye.* Mark me my man,  
I'll hear your council too. [*exit*,]

*Washington.* Black darkness lowers.  
Was ever fate like mine? Yet I must hope.  
Despair ne'er wooed a woman for a wife,  
Nor won a battle o'er a foe. Never  
In history were signal victories won  
Without their signal woes. My mind believes  
That this dark day presages glorious dawn,  
That brilliantly shall show its cheering beams  
To generations down. Life's anchor, hope,  
Grapples with the certain ground and holds to life,  
Riding in safety 'mid tempestuous waves  
Gaping for it. The battle in my mind  
Sheds not my blood, yet wounds my feelings, strains  
My wits, cripples my desire, and breaks my heart,  
And tortures me with worse than fleshly wounds  
That doctors cannot heal. They come. They come,  
Now must I cheer me up. 'Tis a bad morn

(*Enter Officers.*)

In which to bid good day. [*Mutual courtesies. Mrs. Rapelye listening.*]

*Officer.* We soldiers, sir,  
Like farmers, take the weather as it comes.

*Washington.* Do farmers so—without a grudge?

*Second Officer.* Their grumbling cheers it not.

*Washington.* Let's to our task, and task your highest wits,  
That we, combined, consider and conclude  
Our wisest course. You know our foeman's thoughts.  
Shall we, determined, stand or retreat? Think.  
To stand, or go—decide for which.—

*Officer.* Retreat,  
Safely conducted, is an art in war,  
Yet here methinks it is impossible.  
Think of our numbers, and our means,—the foes  
Lie in our sight. They know our every move.  
We must obtain the water's edge before  
The enemy observes us gone—but there  
We should be overcome.

*Washington.* If we remained?

*Second Officer.* Surrounded, we have no chance.

*Third Officer.* None. Attempt  
In cover of the mist.



*All Officers.* We must attempt.

*Washington.* 'Tis said. We shall. Still, let it be unknown.  
Command your men for a night attack, strike tents,  
Continue sentinels, and show no change.  
While going on I'll force the Marblehead's  
To bring their boats I'll manage it. Quickly  
And quietly be the words. Farewell. [*exeunt all.*]

*Mrs. Rapelye.* Ho! John,  
Come here (*enter John*). Swear you'll obey my orders now.

*John.* She'll flay me if I don't. I swear.

*Mrs. Rapelye.* At once  
Go to the British camp and tell their foes  
Are all decamping. Haste.

*John.* The sentinels,  
Oh, Lord, how shall I pass the sentinels! [*exit.*]

*Mrs. Rapelye.* Now shall I be revenged. Oh, happy day,  
[*exit.*]

(*Enter soldiers silently. strike tents and march. Enter Mrs. Rapelye.*)

*Mrs. Rapelye.* All gone, and I had no revenge! Good God!  
I'll faint. Why have I lost my sweet revenge?—  
No British near? All sentinels have gone.  
My slave has played me false. I'll murder him.  
Woe's me! Woe's me! [*Hysterical.*]

(*Enter British soldiers with JOHN. Stealthily.*)

*Officer.* Too true! A weeping old woman only left.  
A Yankee trick. Most neatly sold, by Jove.  
Pursue them to the ferries. Catch some.

[*Exeunt some soldiers.*]

*To Mrs. Rapelye.* My Yankee woman, why are you behind?

*John.* My Missus, sir, who sent me unto you  
When Heister took me prisoner.

(*Re-enter soldiers with two thieves.*)

*Soldier.* We've searched the fields, but only found these  
two,  
Hid by the misty clouds, robbing the dead.

*Officer.* Villians! unrob. and hang them on this tree.

(*Every thing taken from them, the ropes adjusted and led to execution.*)

*Thieves.* (*sobbing song.*) Oh, mother would we'd minded  
you,

And e'er the battle hotter grew,  
Wisely skedaddled home to you. [*exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*House in Staten Island.*

*Lord Howe. (solo.)* They must yield now. They have no hope.—Unmatched, In everything but spirits, yield they must. 'Twere madness to go on,—and though our foes They are our friends. 'Tis much against my will I press this brutal war. To war with foes, With other customs, language different, Faces not the same, there is pleasure: but Americans are but ourselves, the same In manners, language, and appearances,— Really friends and countrymen.—No, no, I'll pray for peace. Fiends may with fiends, in hell, Fight as they may, but earthly friends must 'gree. I'll use my influence for peace. I would That it were stronger than it is. All hope Is limited, and when beyond its bounds, 'Tis madness still to hope. Hope shuts her eyes, And fear drives on to ruin. They cannot hope. If just their cause, their hopes are vain.—Each trial Proves them unfit. Not once a victory. Disaster on disaster comes. Their wills Seem blinded to their fates.—I see those come. I must go lead them in.

*(Exit and re-enter with Members of Congress.)*

*Lord Howe.* This officer, I meant to stay as hostage in your camp. Why have you not?

*Mr. Adams.* We deal with Englishmen, My lord, and, though we war with them, we know They'll not pollute their honored name. We trust an Englishman's pledged word as much As any hostage he can give. [*exit officer. All seated.*]

*Lord Howe.* Be't known The grounds on which we meet. You are not here As members of a body organized Against our king, but private gentlemen Of influence, who can, if you will, make peace—

*Mr. Adams.* We're here to hear; to hold our speech or speak As best may profit us. Think as you may, My lord, we're members of the Congress.

*Dr. Franklin.* My lord, I wept, when last, in your good sister's house,

We spoke of this, and you espoused our cause.—

*Lord Howe.* Only to settle it. Never to yield.

*Dr. Franklin.* Even now, my lord, you war against your will.—

*Lord Howe.* I prove that by the tardiness with which I follow up my victories.

*Dr. Franklin.* My lord,  
When you shall find we'll not accept your offers,  
I trust you'll yield your odious command,  
And to more honorable life retire.

*Lord Howe.* My personal thoughts are subjects to my king.

When he commands I will obey, and now,  
I only speak his will in wishing peace.—  
Given only by allegiance of the land.

*Mr. Adams.* Never! It cannot be. Our overtures, my lord,

Were treated with contempt, and to our insults  
Were injuries given afresh, which we, my lord,—  
High born as you,—resist to deadly war.  
Congress declares our Independence, and,  
Though willing, can't revoke. Your lordship's kind,  
Yet tell an unkind tale to patriot ears  
Which hear but cannot heed.

*Lord Howe.* Sorry am I.

*Dr. Franklin.* The discontent that rankles in our breasts,  
And circulates in all our veins, my lord,  
No medicine but liberty will purge.  
Long did we bear, but now forbear. We own  
No higher power. With Britain we have done,  
Except co-equal. Unto the root  
Of despotism the axe is laid; good men  
Shall hew until that haughty sapping tree  
Has all his hoary locks singed in the fire  
Of fair democracy. We all are free.  
Freedom is the just birthright of all men,  
And never shall we yield our rights.

*Other Members.* Never!

*Rutledge.* With scorn we pay the scorn we got. My lord,  
The trying times and dire calamities,  
Besetting our newborn States, in nothing  
Changes our fixed desires. America  
Is independent, and shall ever be  
A safe asylum for the bold and free.

*Lord Howe.* Your motives, gentlemen, I honor, yet  
Deplore your deeds. That we cannot agree,

As is my fondest wish, I much regret;—  
And, be assured, compelled thus to distress  
Those whom I much regard, gives me much pain.

*Dr. Franklin.* We thank your lordship, yet, assure you  
that

Americans, trying to assuage your pains,  
Will tend themselves.

*Mr. Adams. (rising.)* Our conference is done?

*Lord Howe.* Yes, ineffectually. Stay, gentlemen,  
And share our English hospitality.

*Mr. Adams.* Never, till we're agreed. Farewell, my lord.

*Dr. Franklin.* My friend, my country's foe, farewell.

[*exeunt.*]

*Lord Howe. (solo.)* True, noble hearts! My heart beats  
for their friendship,  
But duty, principle, forbid. The task  
I would avoid I must perform.—I must.  
The British name shall ne'er by me be shamed,  
Nor my own laurels by another claimed. [*exit.*]

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Apartment in WASHINGTON's headquarters near Philadelphia.*

*Washington. (to Reed.)* Hast heard of Lee?

*Reed.* No sir. (*solo.*) A lie—I have.

*Washington.* 'Tis strange. He seems most tardy in his  
moves.

I ordered him to march with haste.

*Reed.* Perhaps

He found the foe, and sought new honors there.

*Washington.* He has no right to disobey. Had I,  
In all my will, been more obeyed, this day

America should show a better sight,

And tell a better tale.—I have bad luck.

Not luck; it is the natural consequence

Of all our acts. Unlucky men blame stars

And fortune when they fail, but when they prosper,

They praise themselves: so, I must blame myself.

Congress I've pressed a hundred times to know

That short enlistments are our ruin. Useless.—

Am I responsible for all? Rumor,



Lurking in every breast, steals my good name,  
Stains it with infamy, affixes to its flag,  
And waves it openly.

*Reed. (solo.)* His star declines,  
And Lee's ascends. I lose my faith in him.  
Not in himself, but in his fate, and man  
Will never follow man whom fortune shuns.—  
A gallant general, no doubt, but wants  
What generals ought to have—firm resolution  
That friends can neither break nor bend.

*Washington.* Know you  
How men display themselves?

*Reed.* This much I know,  
That all, even to a man, will stand by you.

*Washington.* Were all like you they would.

*Reed. (solo.)* All like me! Oh, Heavens!  
I am the greatest traitor of them all.  
He trusted me with all his thoughts and plans.  
I was his bosom friend and knew as much  
As if one mind served both, yet, Judas-like,  
I turn on him. Oh, God! I will desist,  
Reveal my treachery, seek pardon, and—  
Yet no—I've gone too far. I cannot stay.  
Now must I season sin with lies, to hide,  
From men, my faults and self-accusing heart.  
Still will I seem his friend; gather his thoughts  
As I would gather flowers, and make a wreath  
For my own brow. 'Tis well. *(to Washington.)* Rely on it,  
If all men were to thee as I, thy name  
Should soon be named by every tongue, and writ  
On every heart, thy acts retold with care,  
And wars in mind refought.—

*Washington.* I'm weary, Reed.  
Leave me to court the balmy arms of sleep  
Anxiety has stolen. At least, in thee  
I have an honest friend.

*Reed. (solo.)* Lingering again,  
While clouds of danger hover o'er. Ah, me!  
Would I could see him changed for fiery Lee.—  
I trust your Excellency may win your wish. *[exit.]*

*Washington. (solo.)* While I have Reed I'll never want a  
brother  
With whom to trust my cares.—Last time  
I slept, a field was my bed, and Heaven  
My canopy, and soundly did I sleep.  
To-night this palace shelters me, and yet

I am less fortunate. Weary and worn,  
 With worse than manual work, in this gay room,  
 Sleep needs no courting. She will come.—Soft couch,  
 A heavier burden never lay on thee. [*lies down.*  
 Sweet sleep, a wearier heart ne'er sought thy grace.  
 Oh, what an enviable thing is sleep,  
 The sweet restorer of our power. It soothes  
 The troubled heart; makes it, by fairy dreams,  
 Forget its cares until it dances, sings,  
 Or bounds for very joy. Oh, what a gain  
 Were man's did he forever sleep, having  
 No sorrows, sores, nor sad experience.  
 And yet, avaunt such thought, for what is man?  
 God's image, born to bear and praise his name.  
 But where's the praise in passing mummy-like,  
 Our lives? He is a noble man who bears,  
 And hopes to overcome, and mean is he  
 Who having present joy, fears to seek more.—  
 Sleep is the friend of bravery, and foe —  
 Of all that's wrong.—

(*Soft music. Sleeps. Enter SPIRIT LIBERTY with laurels.*)

*Washington. (dreaming.)* Dear idol of my soul,  
 Thou lingerest long. Thy love will break his heart.  
 Long weary hours I pondered over thee.  
 In darkest days I watched the hov'ring clouds ;  
 In brighter nights I tried to while the time  
 By speaking with the stars.—Now you are come.  
 Moon after moon, with all their changes passed,  
 Day followed night, and night the day, and tears  
 Came gushing from my broken heart in vain,  
 To think that thou had'st promised, not fulfilled.  
 Now thou art here—and dost thou love me still?  
 Wilt now fulfil thy pledge?

*Liberty.* See'st thou this wreath?  
 'Twas for thy brow. 'Twas culled in heavenly plains,  
 While fairies sweetest incantations raised  
 Till all the welkin tingled with their joy,  
 And spirits, cannonading far beyond  
 Amid the woful din of war, bewitched,  
 Threw down their deadly arms, and joined our joys,  
 Singing thy name in chorus to our songs,  
 Amid the reigning peace.—Deserve you it?  
 Has it been culled in vain? Why weary you?  
 Honor's worth toil, and cheap at highest price.  
 'Tis wrong to be disheartened for the right,

For it exceeds all might.

*Washington.* Upbraid me not.  
I'm but a man; and more, for such a task,  
And such a love as thine, you need.

*Liberty.* Not so.  
Yet I perceive your love grows cold—

*Washington.* No, no.  
I love thee—worship thee. Tell me thy will,  
For I, poor blinded mortal, cannot see  
The way of Heaven. By all that's good I swear—

*Liberty.* Swear not. No man himself can keep a vow.  
Without a higher aid he makes and mars at once.

See, here's your work—to free America.

O'er every difficulty press, and this,

With other gifts, is yours. I'll fit it on.

The joy you feel in this is but a foretaste

Of greater joys. [*takes off.*]

*Washington.* Nay, sweetheart, leave me it.

*Liberty.* Heaven only gives reward to those who win,  
Though men give honors to dishonest men.

First win, then wear—work hard—never look down.

Farewell! Press on, and this shall be your crown.

[*exit. Music.*]

*Washington.* (*awake.*) Too short, too sweet, to last. It  
was a dream!

Was it a mockery? Deluding myth!

Even if it were, it was a happy scene

For which I'd sleep again. She bade me work,—

Press on. By Heavens, for such a crown I shall. [*exit.*]

(*Enter REED and LEE.*)

*Reed.* He's gone.

*Lee.* Let's speak our minds. What news?

Mirabile dictu! good luck sticks to me.

No wonder, many a spell has crossed my wish,

Driving me on.

*Reed.* His caution's much too great;—  
Too honest with men's lives.

*Lee.* Probitas laudatur et alget.

*Reed.* Exactly so.

*Lee.* Stat magni nominis umbra.

Rather than that, I'd be a slave. Something,

Or nothing, I must be. Those idiot blocks,

Who bless their stars because they get their food,

I hate and curse. I'd rather be a man

Who, through ambition, falls to beggary,

Than he who gets his father's purse, and eats, drinks,  
 Daddles through life and is forgot. Damn these.—  
 I'll make, or mar, my way.—I mind not which:  
 It suits my devil-may-care spirit. Through thick  
 And thin I plod; through clouds and cloudless skies  
 I gladly soar. Provision for to-morrow  
 I never make, because it never comes.—  
 For when to-morrow comes then 'tis to-day.  
 It brings, per fas et nefas, all I want,  
 So grieve I not, but take what is not given,  
 For my philosophy is like the French,—  
*Aide toi le Ciel t'aidera*—

*Reed.* Oh, Washington, had'st thou but such a spirit,  
 A soldier would'st thou be in very deed  
 By which America should soon be freed.

(to *Lee*.) Men's minds ferment with feverish thoughts that  
 rise.

And, spreading, gaze for change, and every eye  
 Is on the hero of the South. I, too, )  
 Look there for safety—only there. Decision  
 Our head has not, and, wanting this there's no  
 Such sad calamity in generalship.

*Lee.* Now we're in secret met, speak plain and brief.  
 Speak well pro aris et focis.

*Reed.* Your cheering, bold ambition is as great  
 As is his fickleness.

*Lee.* In love or war—  
 God kows a soldier knows them both, though love  
 Ne'er broke a soldier's heart—let me at once  
 Bring forth my fate. I, like women in travail,  
 Labor and groan, anxious to know what fruits  
 My destiny may bear. If saint or devil, I,  
 Some day must meet—damn't let that day be now.  
 Who tries may win, but he who never tries  
 Must ever lose. Inaction eats the life  
 As rust corrodes good steel. Who fears the future  
 Will please the world but once, and that when death  
 Ventures his shroud on him. Give me a rake  
 Who fears not woman, want nor fickle fate,  
 And there you'll see the spirit of true man  
 This selfish world rejects.—But idle words  
 Are thieves of precious time, so, inter nos,  
 Please speak your mind.

*Reed.* Fortune's in sight. Like men,  
 Downcast, let's take fate in our hands,  
 Make her succumb to us, waiting no more  
 For Washington.—Each day the rising sun



Shows some new danger, if the moon has not,—  
And but for you, methinks, the army would  
Have been annihilated. Men cry “Lee!  
Where’s Lee? the hero of the South. Let Lee  
But try, and British ships shall soon to Britain.

*Lee.* Vox populi is everthing to me.—

*Reed.* Then have you everything, and he wants all.—  
With others speed to Congress and review  
The tottering State, and hosts —like thawing snow,—  
Melting away: that by a changed foundation,  
Changed management can only save the State.  
Enlist the men for no fixed term, for they  
But skulk their foes till that day comes. They must  
Be soldiers while there’s war, and then they’ll strive  
To overcome. This Congress knows, and too,  
That you must be the chief.

*Lee.* A l’outrance!

I’ll catch the laurel offered me. This life  
Is but a wild goose chase at best, but, if  
The fattest goose I catch I’ll feed the better,  
Yet be the less a goose.

*Reed.* One thing I fear—

By rashness you may rue your acts.

*Lee.* Both fear and rue are strange to me. The first  
Is foreign to soldier’s breast; the second—well—  
An old maid’s balm. That she was loved she rues,  
But that she was not wed she doubly rues,  
So rues her birth, her life, and love. Like her,  
As dernier ressort, when she her locks  
With double care betrimms, fills up her wrinkles,  
Pencils her eyes, and, with the roseate rouge  
Blushes her haggard cheeks, I’ll change his plans,  
Pervert his ways. first lead his army wrong,  
Then, with heroic aid deliver it,  
So get the praise he’ll lose.

*Reed.* Now must we go,  
So hide our presence still. Who’s this? ’Tis Green.  
This way.—All men are jealous of the spy. [exeunt.

*Enter Green.*

*Green.* Much have we ventured, nothing won, yet time—  
To some a friend, to some a foe,— will show  
What praise we’ve won.

*Officer.* That cursed Fort affair  
Will tell no good. If we display not arms  
Superior, our wars to ridicule

His torians shall turn.

*Green.* And I, perchance,  
The mad cap of the play. How falsely men  
Judge other men. The windows of the mind—  
The eyes and face—men look through and behold  
What pleases them. The blinders, justice and truth,  
Cover at will.

*Officer.* Few men can read the mind,  
So by the purse award the praise. [Exeunt.]

*Enter* WASHINGTON.

*Washington.* My heart's joy's like a sun  
That lights my face with golden rays, reflecting  
Pleasure, happiness, on all around.  
My bright hopes bloom. Sweet paradise of joy  
Falls, like a precious soothing balm, from Heaven  
On careworn man. To him joy is a comet  
A wand'ring stranger, in his atmosphere;  
A planet whence comes little light, yet seems  
A distant, happy, world he hopes to reach;  
Or fixed star far beyond his milky way.  
Oh precious phial of heaven, stored for the saint  
And strained to man, praise God—thy boon I share.—  
My youth revives, my spirits are elastic,  
And I could dance as David did. My soul  
Is soothed, my griefs have vanished, and my hopes  
Most brightly blaze. I fancied I had foes,—  
'Twas but a fancy. Friend to Washington  
Who is not when each fairy is? My star  
Was brilliant though behind a cloud. This life,  
To every one, has seasons cold and hot,  
Wet, dry, happy and sad, yet, though unknown,  
Our sun shines all the while. Oh, may my hope  
No more enfold his head in such grim clouds,  
But live and look beyond.

*Enter* NAZALHEAD *abruptly.*

*Nazalhead.* (*slapping Washington's shoulder.*) Well, son  
of a gun.

Da' me, I guess you know me well.—You don't?  
That is strange, Gov'nor.—I calculate you do.  
No matter, names are nothing to my message.  
I guess you'll hear of news, although, da' me,  
I'd like a cocktail e'er I tell.—You've none?—  
Da' me, you beat the British there.

*Washington.*) Sirrah,  
What means your insolence?

*Nazalhead.* Insolence?

Is the rook insolent because he crows?

Are doves, or any birds, because they mate?

Are dogs, because they bark? No, sir. It is,

Methinks, their nature, so 'tis mine

To be of froward speech.—

*Washington.* Have done. What means

Your visit here,—your rash intrusion, rather?

*Nazalhead.* I'm like the light, the heat, the air,—I come,

And enter every opening.

*Washington.* Forget not

You're neither light, heat, air, but tangible,

And can be struck.

*Nazalhead.* (*squaring.*) Da' me, strike on. I fear

Nor man, nor devil-born. Within this breast

There beats a true and honest heart that brooks

Insult from none,—no, not from you, for whom

I would do anything.—

*Washington.* Well, for your news.

*Nazalhead.* Now that your civil—hear, I'll speak, and show  
More than your head's in danger.

*Washington.* What more can be?

*Nazalhead.* Your honor, sir.

*Washington.* Be brief—what do you mean?

*Nazalhead.* I'll show you that opinion, like the wind,

Is veering round from you. Foes foster it,

And friends, like stalwart trees, bow with the wind

As if they had no will. A candidate

Bespeaks your place, and seeks that open honor

He has in every heart.

*Washington.* Who may he be?

*Nazalhead.* One you've favored—favor still—George Lee.

*Washington.* (*solo.*) This may be news.—There's something here. 'Tis like;—

His conduct lately has been questionable.

And yet,—it cannot be. Oh, no,—'tis not.

I'll harbor not, within my breast, a thought

Against a friend from this—stranger villian.

Insulter, begone.—I'll hear not your words,—

Foul fabrications of the mind. Avaunt,

And tell thy tarnished tale to idle ears.—

*Nazalhead.* Good day.

But, da' me, Gov'nor, all is true. [*exit.*

*William.* (*entering.*) A man has just arrived, and bids  
me say, a reeking post awaits your

Pleasure. He's no more a reeking post than I'm a burning one.

*Washington.* If he be reeking you are charred. Well, sir [*enter post.*]

What news with you?

*Messenger.* I want instructions, sir,  
For General Heath. He has commands from you  
To stand, while General Lee commands him march:  
Yet, will he not until he knows your wish.  
You'll find particulars in this. [*letter given.*]

*Washington.* The arguments grow strong,  
And, though the sound seems strange, the sense seems true.  
Could he, indeed, repay my love like this.—

My efforts for his welfare so reward?

With all my airy dreams of joy, I fear

My life is doomed to dark oblivion.

Oh, friendship, what art thou? A choking briar

That, with thy sweet perfumes and flowery arms,

Encirlest better plants and killest them,

Smiling more happ'ly at their death. Thou art

A double-minded wench who playest false, [*enter messenger?*]

Each time affords.—More messages? What news? [*reads.*]

The usual tones.—Oh, my unhappy country.

Well, surely you have something good. Alas!

Times are against me. I fail in everything.—

I'm almost certain Lee usurps my place,

While I, his friend, adorn him with my honors.

I'll bide my time.—Here come more letters. I,

Methinks, but want the patience and the boils

To be a second Job.—Letters for me?

*Messenger.* No, sir. For Colonel Reed.

*Washington.* (*with letter.*) Let's see. 'Tis business.  
I'll open it,—he's absent now. (*reads.*) What's this?  
Good Heaven's what means all this! 'Tis much too much.  
This war's most bitter wound.—My bosom friend,—  
The rose I thought without a thorn.—Has truth  
Been buried? Are the Heaven's asleep?  
Has love become the laughing-stock of man,  
Or was I born to be love's laughing stock?  
No price is greater than the price of love,  
And yet, 'tis coldest treated.—Let me think  
How I must heal this wound that inward bleeds,  
And fat'ly threatens me. Thought pierces worse,  
Like medicine that bitter tastes yet cures.  
What is my duty—I will do't? A friend—  
Yet friend, or no, justice must have her sway.



I'd rather meet a field of open foes  
Than thus a foe in friendly garb disguised.  
He must be punished. Yes—he shall at once.  
Call Colonel Reed and other officers [*bell. Enter servant.*  
Who may be near.—Make haste.—Tell them [*exit, servant.*  
I'll meet them here at once. The worst war council  
Ever they held—to know the truth, and judge,—  
Condemn a friend in it. Ah, here they come.  
Each face is friendly, yet, how reads each heart,  
For none more friendly looks than Reed's? My friends,  
Be seated, pray.—I'll speak with you anon. [*wine passed.*  
Here's wine,—refresh yourselves.—I trace his face,  
Yet, read no guilt. He has a manly brow,  
A noble countenance, and truthful eyes,—  
Yet, what this answers, he has penned.—Deceit  
In such is not inborn, but, he is borne  
Against his nature by this haughty Lee.  
If so, a quiet rebuke will punish more  
Than public condemnation.—I shall try.—  
I beg your pardon, gentlemen, for thus  
Inviting you, but now I'll need no aid.  
I'll hold no council now.

*Officer.* Sorry are we,  
We lose a chance of giving help. We trust  
Another time we'll double do. Farewell.

*Washington.* Thank you,—farewell.—Stay Colonel Reed, a  
letter [*exeunt.*

Addressed to you has lately come, and I,  
Thinking it business, opened it and read,  
But, had I known what was therein contained,  
Duty nor will would make me open it.  
There, friend. (*gives letter.*) 'Tis thine—take it.

*Reed.* (*reads.*) What means this! Stay.  
Your Excellency will surely trust not this.

(*solo.*) Good Heavens, I know not how to clear myself,  
Yet, must I, else be ruined. These words convey  
A double meaning, and, you take the worst.

*Washington.* I see not how they could convey a better:—  
Trouble no more, it will not further go.  
Attend your duties,—let this melt like snow.

*Reed.* Nay, sir. I'll tell you all. Hear all my guilt,  
For soft rebuke is worse than thy worst rage,  
And I would rather bear a world of woes  
Than lose thy friendship.

*Washington.* Need I say, you must?



*Reed.* Oh! unlike Washington, how cold you are,  
And heedless of my words.

*Washington.* Not heedless, alas:  
Each word reminds me of the trust I had,  
And of the wound I've got.

*Reed.* Guilty I am  
Of much, yea, all I will confess. Give me,  
I pray, your hand in fellowship again,  
And, should I e'er offend, may tongue or hand,  
Or whatsoever member plays thee false,  
Be foul, useless, and loathsome unto me,  
Or cast away. My eyes tear from their sockets,  
Should they offend, and launch my blinded frame  
'Mong ruthless men, exiled to starve. Spare me.  
Could you but see the offended heart that mourns,  
Or bear a minute of my conscience's stings,  
You would not further punish me. Let pity,  
No stranger to your soldier's breast, look down  
Upon my stricken soul, and tears of grief  
Will issue forth repentance.—

*Washington.* (*solo: weeping.*) I never wept  
For sorrow of my own—though I've had much,—  
But grief of others melts my heart, till tears  
Gush bounteous forth.

*Reed.* You never shall  
A safer servant find than I shall be,  
For, for a world of hope, I'd suffer not  
Such stings again. Oh, ease my agony,  
Abstract the thorn, and heal my wounded soul,  
Though well I know I ill deserve. Kindle,  
With but a spark from your heart's love, your eye:—  
I'll know the light, and by it, chase this cloud  
From off my mind. Let but a trusty beam  
Refine thy countenance, and I shall joy.  
Speak but one word of hopeful condolence  
And I shall treasure it. Set not thy foot  
Upon my humbled, penitential heart,  
But, let thy mind, so merciful, succour  
And trust me still. I'll take what vow you will,  
Or any penance you demand, perform:  
Yea, rather would I die than have it said  
*Reed* was the secret foe of *Washington*.  
Say you'll forget, forgive.

*Washington.* Forget, I cannot.—  
I do forgive.

*Reed.* Ten thousand thanks.

*Washington.* Trust not a warrior's name that rumor gives,  
But what the watchful eye of time declares,  
If your own eye cannot discern.

*Reed.* It can—  
And shall discern your chivalry.

*Washington.* Go then  
And learn a lesson from the past.—Adieu. [*exit Reed.*  
If Heaven lends not now aid, my day is gone;  
My country, fortune, lost. He must give means,  
For I have reached extremes, and look in vain  
For other's help.—Forgive as I've forgiven,  
And turn these anxious hours to victory,  
Oh, God, with whom all things are possible.—  
I vow to conquer all the foes I've made,  
By deeds, by life, and by my faithful blade. [*exit.*

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## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Before Trenton. Enter Gov. Tryon with twelve mongrel soldiers.*

*Tryon.* Brave boys, tramp to drum, tramp to drum, brave boys! Halt.

For my fidelity I have these troops,—  
A brave, though seeming squalid lot.—Never  
Did any make so good retreats as they.  
They've never lost a bloody sword.—Attention!  
Each man to arms, the foe is lurking here. [*jump.*  
They jump with joy at very thought of action.  
We'll face them soon.

*Soldiers.* And show them how to run.

*Tryon.* Shoulder arms.

*Soldier.* I haven't any.

*Tryon.* Shoulders, or arms?

*Soldier.* Scarce either, I'm so scarcely fed.

*Tryon.* You fool,  
Pick up that scythe, and mow down men as you,  
In har'st, mow corn.—You'll march to beat of drum,  
And, when you start, set first the left in front,  
For that is right. Ready! Quick march. Halt! Halt!  
[*drum.*

All wrong.—All wrong.

*Soldier.* The drummer started wrong.

*Tryon.* Ready!—March. Right, left, right, left, [*drum.*]  
Now for my effigy's most dire revenge.

*All sing.* We'll boldly march, march, march to the affray,  
For we are bloody soldiers, and shall win the day.  
So rule Britannia, &c. [*exeunt.*]

(*Enter WASHINGTON and officers.*)

*Washington.* Now for the stroke I've meditated long,  
To save estates, my country, and my name.  
Lord Howe but waits till Delaware is bridged  
By ice, to march for Philadelphia,  
But I have ferried it and reached the foe  
All unprepared, this Christmas morn. This day  
Must form a better history for us.  
Here I expect the troops of captured Lee,  
Now Sullivan's. I'll dare, and win, or die. [*enter messenger.*]  
Who's this? A messenger. What time is this  
To interrupt with letters?

*Messenger.* From General Gates.—

I traced your troops over the beaten snow,  
Stained by the bleeding feet of bootless soldiers.

*Washington.* Where's Gates?

*Messenger.* At Philadelphia.

*Washington.* Another rival!

So disobedient in this direful hour,  
Poisoning the mind of Congress. This sword  
From out its sheath I draw, and solemn, swear  
To rest it there no more until I've won.  
Tell Sullivan to march his troops this way. [*exit aide de camp.*]  
The sentinel stands behind that aged tree,  
And all Rahl's forces unsuspecting revel  
Within the town. To every leader go,  
And bid, at bugle blast, attack the town  
And take at any price. [*exit aide de camp.*]

*Enter SULLIVAN's ragged corps. Bugles. Cannonading.*  
*Enter Hessian's pursued.)*

*Hessian Leader.* We are surrounded: earth your arms. We  
yield.

*Washington.* In token of your yielding yield your sword,  
And let your men, unarmed, be led by mine  
Where I shall choose.

*Hessian Leader.* Had fate not forced, we,  
Sir, ne'er should yield. Our leader Rhal is slain,

Our troops, dismayed, so disarray our ranks  
That, like scared crows, we cannot hold ourselves.  
This sword, by all that's dear, had I my will,  
Should be yours only scabbarded in you,  
And then drawn forth to serve the same to others,  
While my hand held my will. I yield these men  
To spare them for a better day. This sword,—  
This faithful sword, that never failed when raised  
To fell a foe, or fend its master's life.  
As to a highway robber, yields his purse.  
The stricken traveller, —I yield to thee—  
My treasure to a stranger's hand.

*Washington.* Ho! captain.

Arrange the arms and lead our prisoners off.

*Captain.* As they would butcher us, shall we treat them,  
For they, you know, have been our greatest foe,—  
Hirelings that kill for pay?

*Washington.* Nay. Be humane.

As others would to you, do not to them,  
But as you should, so do. Though we be wronged,  
Our wrong doers shall we mercy show. Mercy,  
The gift of Heaven, our foes shall see we have,  
So learn Heaven's on our side. To them  
We'll show that mercy they will not to us,  
To prove ourselves the better men. [*exeunt captives.*]

*Green.* (*entering.*) Hurrah!  
This Christmas morn is gloriously won.  
That portion of the Hessians I attacked,  
With wildest consternation flew to arms.  
But fear shook every brawny arm, till each  
Stood quaking like a scarecrow in a field  
As if intent to win by fear. Awhile  
They trembled, then with momentary dash,  
Rushed off in blind despair, with foreign yells,  
All ineffectually, for we disarmed  
And took them prisoners, and so we've won  
That fame Fort Washington had lost.

*Lord Stirling.* (*entering.*) Like hunted hares,  
Over the snowy vales, panting for fear,  
Our hound-like soldiers chase the fugitives,  
Who ne'er to better vantage showed their heels.

*Washington.* Then sound retreat. They'll not proceed.  
Their bodies cannot bear their heated spirits,—  
They must have rest, for well they've fought. This day  
Is safely ours. The tune of Fortune's changed,  
And hence shall play to us.

(*Bygle. Soldiers pass with banners and trophies.*)



SCENE II.—*General's house. Ladies of Act I. assembled. Sewing. Play chess, &c.*

*First Lady.* How dismal is the world without.

*Second Lady.* 'Tis more within.

*First Lady.* Snow-feathered flakes have fallen all the day,  
Spreading a cold wet carpet o'er the earth  
To keep it warm.

*Second Lady.* Though we have dismal thoughts,  
Cold wintry messages and failing prospects,  
Our hopes are carpeted with news of war,  
Yet nothing warms our hearts. Like tender plants  
We're unprotected, left amid the storm  
Whose howls of poverty drive peace afar,  
And leave us with our own and others grief—  
Surrounded in sad loneliness. Each step  
We listen to and hope for good, yet fear  
Some dire disaster.—Hope, sweet mental phantom,  
Thou art a painted prig, and cheat, holding,  
In falsity, the mirror of gay life,  
Where all the future, like one brilliant day,  
Displays an Eden history thou knows't  
Full well is false:—and yet thou'rt good.—Even now,  
Although we know that such a vision's false,  
Hope shows our husbands' dancing wave-like crests  
Amidst the thickest fray, while eagerly,  
With trusty sword and brawny arm, they fell,  
As when the lusty farmer with his flail  
Divides the chaff and grain. Love's sister, Hope,  
Sees not, or, if she sees, will not believe,  
Her cause is lost.

*Lady.* I wonder if we shall  
E'er see our husbands more.

*Young Lady.* Or sweethearts?

*Mrs. Washington.* A woman's wish is strong but won't  
bring them.

We can but hope and pray.

*Widow.* Ah, lady. Never fonder did one pray  
For husband's coming than did I, yet he—  
Oh, where is he? Long years of happiness  
We two-in-one have spent, and yet his locks,  
Hoary in honor as in age, bedewed  
With blood I'll see no more. [*weeps.*]

*First Sympathetic Lady.* Oh, weep not thus,  
Your husband, like a valiant soldier, died  
While round his hoary head his thirsty sword,—



As if the weapon of some hidden power  
Wielded by Heaven itself, with deadly aim—  
He plied on all his foes. A golden name,  
On history's everlasting page, he wrote,  
Which shall be praised. You should the more rejoice  
That Heaven should bless him than his fellows more,  
For his heart's dearest wish was, that this age  
Might for America be spared to die.

*Second Sympathetic Lady.* Would laurels such as his  
were stored for mine,

Then should I seem to mourn yet gladly joy.

Oh, what a loss.—What burden of reward,  
To be by history held in high regard.

(*solo.*) Yes, every hour I live I wish him dead  
That his left honors may adorn my head.

*Third Lady.* We must content ourselves  
By singing, sewing, drinking tea.

*Fourth Lady.* Singing!  
I trow we all like tea and most can sew,  
But, as for singing, where's the sweet-toned voice?—  
Can giddy pea-hen, or proud ostrich sing?  
Or is the ass's bray melodious?  
If so—we sometimes have singing.

*5th Lady.* For shame!  
You have some excellent songs yourself.—

*4th Lady.* Of course!  
But I'm the only one.—From morn till night,  
My heart's delight is, like the warbling birds,  
To echo shrill and cheerful notes around,  
Until the mournful lift their gladsome hearts  
And sing for joy. You wish me now to sing?  
I will. Hem, hem.—

*Lady.* Please don't. 'Tis now the gloom,  
When owls come out, and, did they hear you screech  
They'd flock to us.

*1st sympathetic Lady.* Well can you sing, but we  
Can only ply the worming needle, till our eyes,  
And fingers ache—and little do when done.—  
'Twere good did men devote less time to war,  
And more to seek the comfort of their wives,—  
They might invent some means to sew their shirts—  
Better than more destructive arms.

*All.* Ha! ha! ha!

*4th Lady.* How could they possibly? Simpler than now  
Could never be.—Most monstrous thought! You might

As easily invent an iron horse,  
Breathing its own peculiar, innate breath,  
To gallop fast with loads of merchandise  
From town to town;—Or some vast ship, which, like  
Some hideous hound should swim across the sea  
With thousands in its womb.—Oh wretched thought!  
You must be crazed.

*1st sympathetic Lady.* Imagination strange—  
Too often trusts to things as possible,  
Although less real than shadows in a dream.—

*Young Lady.* Love's just like that. It sees a goodly man,  
And in that goodly man, all virtues stored;—  
A gallant soldier, sage philosopher,  
Temple of love with ruby eyes adorned,  
A god-like face with gate of heavenly grace,—  
And, in that object, perfect man—but, lo!  
How true revolving years declare the lie  
And show his nothingness.

*Lady.* You have been jilted.

*Young Lady.* I never was—yet I know more, indeed,  
Than those who have ten times been loved and left.

*Mrs. Washington. (solo.)* When ladies are alone, kind  
words have war,  
Unless there's scandal:—scandal's always kind.—  
Ladies, let's to the other room adjourn,  
And get, what ladies ne'er refuse,— some tea,  
For I perceive with nothing else we 'gree. [exunt

*Enter, by other door, WASHINGTON, Generals, officers and  
WILLIAM.*

*Washington.* There's no one here.

*Reed.* Let's rest awhile.

*Green. (sitting.)* Oh, what pleasure's in an arm chair,  
Beside one's cheery fire that tells the tales  
Of bygone times. Like illustrated leaves,  
Each spark and flame revives some youthful scene  
Of happy memory. Since first I ploughed  
My father's fields, or watched his big mill-wheel,  
Adown the stream of life I've seen strange scenes.  
At first I was a hearty singing lad  
Vieing with song the lark, without a care  
Or knowledge of such thing; then a student,  
Prying in books for nothing less than love;  
And then, if not before, a longing lover;  
A politician then of warlike words,  
Coined in my mind, and hurled with pliant pen,  
Or loud stentorian voice on whom would hear;

And now, a soldier with a trusty sword.—  
Forgive me for indulging selfishness,  
For, though in years I am but middle-aged,  
Experience makes me old, and age's joy  
Is to review its youth.

*Washington.* Much honor, sir,  
Falls to your lot. When first you welcomed me  
In Massachusetts, a quiet whispering voice  
Told me thou hadst no Judas' eyes, but true—  
Trusty to him who trusted you. That voice  
I trusted—Heaven be praised.

*Green.* Thau General's thanks,  
No soldier seeks a higher prize. It is  
A monument of glory in his mind,  
That, when he should despair, encourages.

*Washington.* Let's not philosophise.—Willam, my man,  
Here hangs the idle banjo, play a tune.  
Ho, gentlemen, we're victors now, we'll have a song.

[*WILLIAM plays.*]

And so acquaint our ladies with our presence,  
Unknown to all the outer world.

*Enter Ladies. Congratulatory kisses. Enter Nazalhead.*

*Nazalhead.* Da' me, is this the way you save your country,  
Its honor, and its pride? I guess 'tis strange.  
Sharpshooting from the lips kill many foes,  
Win many loves, and break many hard hearts.—  
'Tis so. Perhaps you think 'tis false but 'tis.

*Washington.* Oh, sweetheart, never mind this intermeddler.  
His duty is to be where he should not.

*Nazalhead.* Kissing is nice—but cocktail drinking's better.  
I'll look for some. I guess I'll find the cellar.

Those who can make good drinks, make better soldiers.—  
That's right—quite right. I'll go this way I guess. [*exit*]

*Mrs. Washington.* Tell's of your wars, infirmities and toils.

*Washington.* Far higher than my proud ambition soared,  
I, like an eagle, passed my brightest hopes,  
Till, like a speck upon the dazzling rays,  
I rose, and hope to rise. Oft did I fear—  
And, often, when success seemed far astray,  
I wished me dead, yet hoped to live awhile,  
For life, even to the beaten brave, is sweet.—  
But why relate what you already know?—  
All faces at our stories ghost-like grow.

*Green.* 'Tis long since we our happy wives have seen.—  
Let's dance, as on our bridal day we danced.

*Washington.* Ho, a dance. William, your violin,  
Let mirth and happines amongst us reign,  
While celebrating thus our first Campaign.

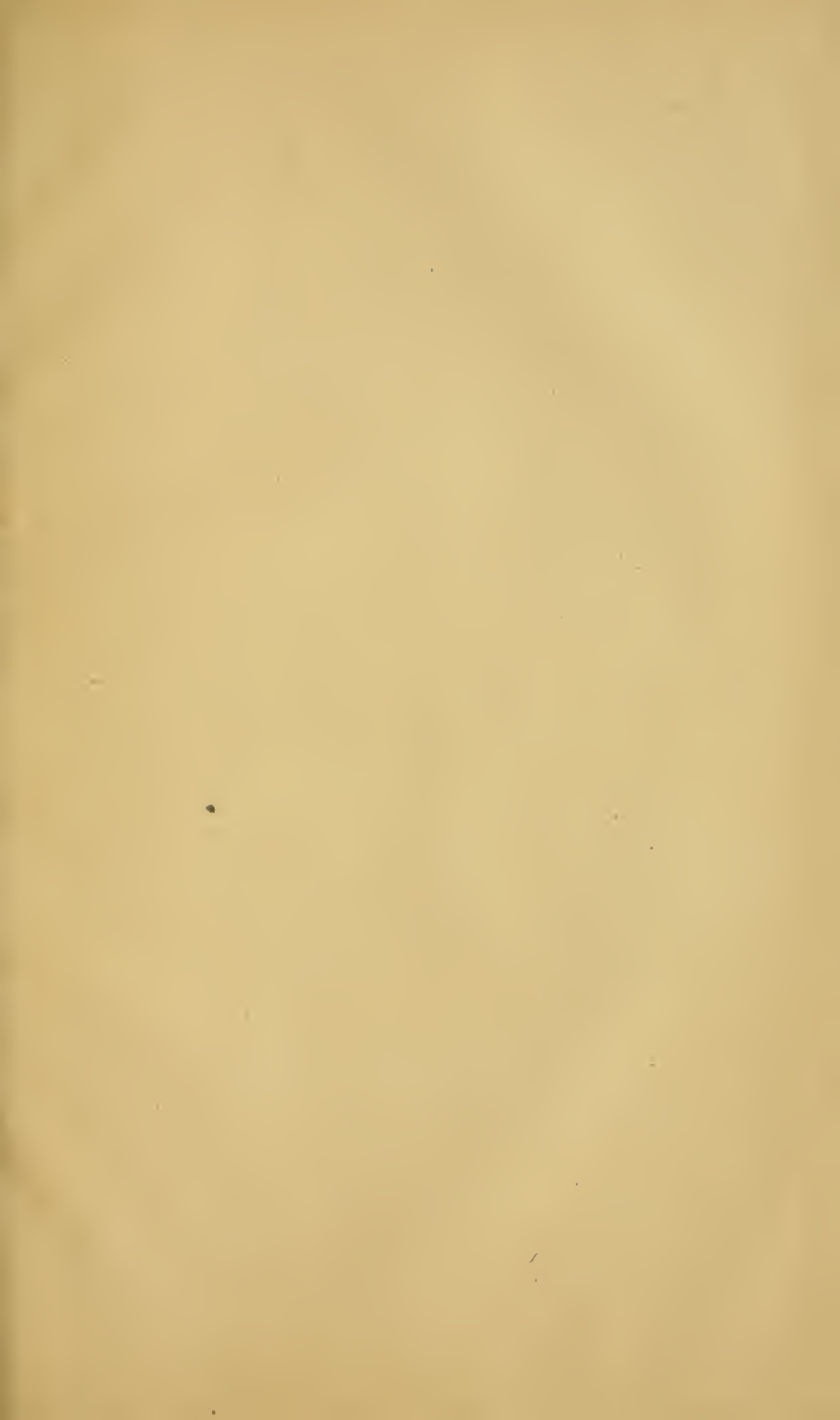
*Music. Dance. Enter Nazalhead.*

THE END.













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